the Divine countenance, we shall show a smile of love ever playing upon it, and encouraging the heart of the most timid to approach.

In these sections our object is to state the facts, and point out the unsatisfactory nature of the common explanations, rather than ourselves to offer any positive solution. It is from a combined view of the whole, at a future stage of our inquiries, that the correct conclusion must be derived.

It will not be denied that there is pain, and pain to an extraordinary extent, in the world. It is not the mere circumstance that there is suffering that is so wonderful, but the circumstance that it is so great and ijridely spread. Why is there pain in the world at all ? This is a difficult question to answer; but perhaps not so difficult as this other, Why does it. exist to such an extent ? Could not God have created a world in which there was no suffering to tear the bodily frame, and no grief to cloud and shadow the soul ? Or suppose that we are able to explain this high mystery, and show that there are soino incidental advantages to be derived from the existence of pain, (lie question again presses itself upon us, Why is this suffering so great—-HO universal ? Why do the clouds of disappointment cast shadows so dark and BO broad over the prospects of human life ? These blackening shadows must surely proceed from some dark and dense body corning between us and the light which tjhines so brightly and so beautifully from these heavens; and what can that opposing and obstructing obstacle be ? Whence the universal liability to disease ? Why such wide-spread famine and plague and pestilence ? Why in this little infant visited with such grievous and continued agony under the very eye of a mother, whose heart meanwhile is torn as much as in the bodily frame of the beloved child ? Come with UH, ye sentimental

believers in the perfection of man and of this world, to the bedside of this person, tortured continually with excruciating agony, without the possibility of relief being afforded. For many years has he been tossed there as you now see him, and scarcely remembers a single moment's respite being allowed him, or balmy sleep resting on these eyes«to drown his suffering in oblivion. We know that ye turn away from the sight, and leave the spot as speedily as possible: birt it is good for us to visit the house of mourning,